THE LIBRARY, ST. CHARLES SEMINARY, CANTON, OHIO

The Commonweal

June 1, 1951

The Key to Education

No escape from self-discipline

LEO R. WARD

Yugoslavia: Uncertain Ally

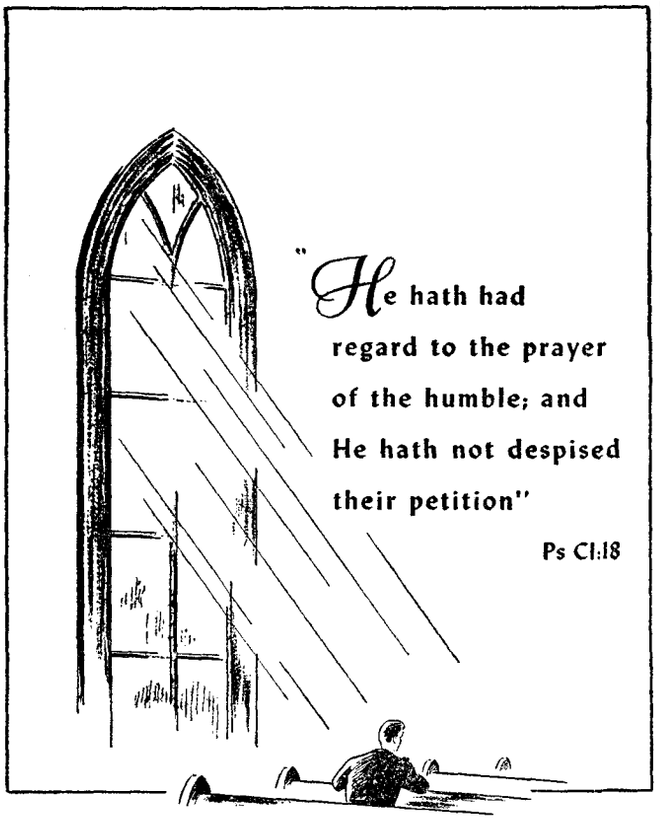
GUNNAR D. KUMLIEN

A Note on George Orwell

GEOFFREY ASHE

Volume LIV **15c** *Number 8*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Now, as during the fateful days of World War II, thousands remain after Mass to pray before the Altar and to light 7-Day Vigil Lights before the Blessed Sacrament, or some favorite shrine. Offerings and special acts of public devotion made for peace and personal survival.

Convenient and informal—available at any time of day or evening—the Vigil Light is an unquestioned inducement to devotion. The offerings help to provide financial support for the church.

Will & Baumer
CANDLE CO. INC.
AMERICA'S PIONEER CHURCH CANDLE MAKERS

SYRACUSE BOSTON NEW YORK CHICAGO
MONTREAL LOS ANGELES

PURVEYORS TO THE VATICAN BY APPOINTMENT

• THIS WEEK •

Week by Week 179

The Key to Education
by Leo R. Ward 183

Uncertain Ally
by Gunnar D. Kumlien 185

Koestler's Dialogue With Death
by Francis Downing 187

The Stage
by Walter Kerr 189

The Screen
by Philip T. Hartung 190

A Note on George Orwell
by Geoffrey Ashe 191

Of Note 193

Books 194

Editor: Edward S. Skillin
Contributing Editor: Philip Burnham
Managing Editor: Edward F. Meagher
Feature Editor: John Cogley
Assistant Editor: William Pfaff

Associate Editors
John C. Cort, Anne Fremantle, Francis Downing
Cinema: Philip T. Hartung
Theatre: Walter Kerr

Advertising Manager: John Brubaker

Published weekly, printed and copyrighted, 1951, in the U. S. A., by The Commonweal Publishing Co., Inc., 386 Fourth Ave., New York 16, N. Y. MUrray Hill 3-9685. Entered as second-class matter, February 9, 1934, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. U. S. and Canada, $7 a year; Foreign $8. Single copies, 15c.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Commonweal

WEEK BY WEEK

Tito's Role

THIS week we publish the second of two dispatches from Belgrade by Gunnar D. Kumlien. A month ago he told of Tito's secret police system and the alienation of Yugoslavia's rank and file. In this issue Mr. Kumlien deals with certain weaknesses of the Yugoslav defenses against a Soviet attack. In both cases he is pointing out essential internal weaknesses in the Tito setup. He is warning against false hopes.

To present these factual observations from the Yugoslav capital is not thereby to dismiss Tito as an ally or to imply opposition to further aid to Yugoslavia. It is simply an honest attempt to present the situation as it is. Truth will be served if these dispatches counteract the strenuous efforts of some journals to find evidences of democratic sentiments that soften the true features of a dictator who has become an important American ally through circumstance.

Publication of these dispatches is intended to imply neither that aid to Tito should be suspended nor that Americans should write him off as a companion at arms. The seventy Yugoslav divisions may constitute a highly uncertain quantity (inferior to the Greeks and Turks when the chips are down). Tito's defense plan may have its fatal weaknesses. Yet the Yugoslav dictator is of incalculable importance to the West on another terrain: the ideological struggle.

He is the first Communist leader to have succeeded in breaking away from Moscow. By his continued defiance he has given the lie to the official doctrine that for a Communist, who opposes Rightist politics and capitalist economics on Marxist grounds, there is only one way: ironclad obedience to the Stalin clique. The defiance of Tito poses a real obstacle to the Soviet objective of bringing "the toilers of the whole world into a single socialist republic"—even on the assumption that the only real opposition to capitalist imperialism must be socialist.

Considering the difficulty of harnessing the dynamic character of the Marxist urge to the monolithic direction of the Party by the Kremlin, it is hardly surprising that Tito's defection and sustained defiance have had the widest repercussions. In both Italy and France, where elections are scheduled in a very few days, the respective Communist Parties (largest in Western Europe) have suffered sizable losses as a result. Unrest has increased within the neighboring satellite countries.

Of even greater potential importance is the effect of Tito's revolt in Communist China—particularly if he is able to hold out. For if Mao's present loyalty to Moscow can hardly be questioned, there is no guarantee that he and Stalin will continue in their present tutelary relationship.

Tito's hold-out, therefore, is of paramount importance to the West. We have no choice but to support him in some fashion. We do not pretend that he is a democrat, universally beloved of his people, that he has love for human rights or for Christian values. Tito is important primarily as a symbol of Communist disaffection, as a prototype of that Party breakup which embodies one of man's present hopes for a world free of such tyranny.

To support a regime despite such reservations is not a happy task. It also calls for vigilance and finesse. But it is better not to carry it out under false pretenses. American help to Yugoslavia is primarily to keep alive a striking symbol of Marxist, anti-Soviet revolt.

Trading with the Enemy

SINCE the black days of the scrap metals shipments to Japan, Americans have been acutely conscious of the evil of supplying an enemy with the makings of a war machine. One of the by-products of the debate on foreign policy is a re-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

newed determination to keep war material out of Communist hands.

There has been little difficulty in arousing indignation over some of Britain's Hong Kong commerce or the estimate that trade between the Western and Eastern zones of Germany has increased 27-fold since 1949. And now Congress has plunged right in and decreed—after a show of hands in both Houses—that no American economic and financial assistance be given henceforth to any nation that knowingly exports strategic materials, or commodities, to the USSR, Communist China, North Korea or the European satellites. This rider to a supplemental appropriations bill would apply to such key measures as the new two billion dollar ECA program which is about to come up for Congressional approval.

Before rushing in and settling the question in so summary a fashion, it would be well to weigh certain intricacies. What, to begin with, constitutes a "strategic" material? Would not most of the sinews of modern industry necessarily be included?

If so, a whole new complex arises. Britain, for instance, depends on Soviet Russia for large imports of timber and a full quarter of her grain imports. Many European nations are heavily dependent on Polish coal shipments. In both cases it is hard to see how these imports can be continued without the dispatch of commodities (some of them strategic) in exchange. Sharp curtailment of their exports of manufactured products to the East would likewise cause the greatest havoc in Western Germany, where the forces of recovery are still tenuous at best.

Perhaps there are even graver reasons against American pressure on her friends and allies to curtail trade with the Soviet orbit. There is the widespread resentment of our friends to American dictation and high-handedness — in addition to the incalculable difficulties that a strict application of this doctrine would raise. An embargo on raw materials would bring things to a crucial pass in Indonesia where sentiment toward the United States is still uncrystallized.

In the Soviet orbit itself there are further considerations. If the United States should succeed in clamping down a real embargo on all sinews of modern industry, might that not defeat our ultimate purpose then and there? Such an embargo could be carried to the point that war might seem to the USSR the only answer.

To sell the Soviets rockets and jet planes would be one extreme; to shut off all "strategic" materials is another. No simple formula *per se* provides a practicable mean.

• NEXT WEEK •

H. A. REINHOLD reviews Hannah Arendt's *The Origins of Totalitarianism.*

"There remains only one right transcending all rights: 'never to be excluded from the rights granted by the community.' This right is not lost by being thrown into jail but it is lost by being thrown into a concentration camp. Here is, according to Miss Arendt, the only crime that transcends sovereignty in any nation—the crime against humanity, all other wrongs belonging in the category of evil foreign policy, exploitation and political oppression."

Nonsense?

IN ONE of the notes the British Foreign Office dispatched to the Iranian Government protesting the seizure of British oil properties in Iran, Foreign Secretary Herbert Morrison notified Iran of Britain's intention to submit the dispute to the International Court of Justice at The Hague, if all other efforts to negotiate the matter proved unsuccessful. There were no indications that the Iranians thought enough of the International Court to take this seriously. In fact, a spokesman for the Iranian Government called the British note "nonsense." Nor were there any indications that any other nation, including Britain, seriously expected that the case would be settled by the Court. To paraphrase a cynicism of a few months ago, it seemed to be a question of the Court's not having enough divisions to merit attention.

Yet it is not too much to say that the ideal of regulating international affairs according to the rule of reason is an ideal that man, as a rational creature, can never be permanently disabused of, no matter how severely he may be disillusioned from time to time by the unregenerate failure of many nations to live by it. But for all the appeal of such idealism to the saner side of man's nature, there is a general tendency almost everywhere to take a dim view of the effectiveness of all such high-minded notions as international justice and the rule of reason; and not all of this lack of enthusiasm can be laid to cynicism. Rather, it is simply a well-known fact, amply demonstrated in all of human history, that in

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

community affairs, local, national and international, the highest of ideals have to be protected by the policeman's billy, and this the International Court does not have.

Nor, strictly speaking, does the United Nations. We are trying now to remedy this UN deficiency in Korea, and it is for this reason that our Government has rightly insisted upon calling the war there a police action. By its very nature, a world-wide police action cannot be undertaken by any one nation alone; and for that reason we have insisted upon preserving the collective nature of the war in Korea.

It is true, as those who sneer at the small contributions of some of our allies have been saying, that the United States has borne the brunt of the fighting so far; but it seems to us that when it is so utterly indispensable to this nation, and to all the ideals it stands for, to maintain collective participation in Korea and elsewhere around the world, it is wiser for us to adopt a persuasive, pressing attitude, rather than a sneering one, in our efforts to make the police action of the UN ever stronger physically and morally.

If we are to be able now to avert catastrophe in Iran, it is clear that this cannot be done by Britain or the United States alone. Only a collective action can be effective there as elsewhere, because while the United States certainly cannot police the world alone, neither can Britain alone muster enough power to command respect.

It would seem that never was it more important that there be a close and cordial relationship between the United States and Great Britain, not in a desire to impose our will on the world, but rather in the best interests of the great majority of the United Nations. And yet, as things are right now, cooperation between the two countries is far from being either close or cordial.

If we gain nothing else from the Iranian crisis, we may at long last come to realize that things cannot go on in this haphazard way any longer between the United States and her other allies in the fight for freedom. There is no real hope for us if we accept the Hoover thesis of going it alone, a thesis which both General MacArthur and Senator Taft espouse in variant or slightly disguised forms. What we are working for, what we must work for, however slowly and with whatever disappointments, is a world of international justice and order, a world in which no nation at all will be able to shrug off a proposal of arbitration by an International Court of Justice as "nonsense."

Why Live in New York?

A MAN from Wisconsin, between bites on hard rolls at the Press Association luncheon, said, "I can't understand why people want to live in New York. I came from Chicago originally but I wouldn't change for anything now. I don't get it. It doesn't cost us half as much to live out our way. And people get paid just as well, if not better, if what a New York stenographer gets is anything to go by. What do you have that we don't have? We have radio and television, anything you can think of."

At the same table there was a transplanted New Yorker now laboring for a diocesan paper in the Southwest. He in his turn proved even more enthusiastic about his environment. "I thought I'd never be happy away from New York. But the new place grows and grows on you. It is a wonderful town."

Neither official visitor had a chance to expatiate on his feelings much further; there was too much activity at the speakers' table, too many announcements. There were a lot of things they didn't say.

Anyone who has proceeded very far beyond the west bank of the Hudson River cannot fail to be struck by a marked change of atmosphere. The men and women he encounters in the smaller towns beyond the metropolitan reaches appear to take things more in stride. There is much less harried rushing about, much more standing at the curb or leaning over the fence to pass the time of day. And yet the people in the "hinterlands" get things done; they seem to produce as much without the stimulus of big-city nervous tension.

In many of our American towns there is a warm interest in the passing stranger. New Yorkers cannot but be struck by the readiness of local citizens to exchange greetings with them the first time they stroll down a new main street. With this friendliness an acute sense of curiosity often tags along. A proverbial thorn about life in most American small towns is that everyone keeps posted on everyone else's business.

Can it be that the people who throng to a big metropolitan center do not realize how hard the city pavement is or what satisfactions they are abandoning?

One memorable thing the man from Wisconsin said seemed to him to clinch the argument. "I never want to live in a place where it takes me more than ten minutes to drive to a spot where I can drop a fishline into a likely pool."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Generals

IF YOU grew up between the two world wars you heard about Black Jack Pershing of course, and you knew that he was still alive. Every now and then his picture would appear in the paper, so you could compare the tall, straight soldier in uniform in the back of the history text with the stern old man whose birthday was being celebrated—his sixty-eighth, then his seventieth, then his eightieth and always looking a little frailer, a little more stooped, a little more remote. Pershing was the only living one but you didn't think of him much differently from the other Generals in the school book.

There were men like Grant who were Generals and Presidents, but you got the impression that Grant was a good General and a poor President, and that seemed perfectly reasonable. You didn't think about Generals the way you thought about Presidents, if you were growing up in the US between the two wars. You knew Coolidge, Hoover, Roosevelt, but you couldn't name a General—except the aging Pershing. One time in school the teacher said Generals didn't even vote.

American Generals, the way you saw them then, were soldiers who appeared suddenly when the nation was at war; they fought bravely and brilliantly and when the war was finished they retired quietly and had their pictures in the paper once or twice a year, when their birthdays came round or when some war monument was being dedicated.

You thought about Generals one way and politicians another. That's the way it was supposed to be in American life anyway. There were military-politico figures in the newspapers during those years, but they weren't our Generals. They were South American revolutionaries and dictators, generally, and their way of doing things seemed very different from ours. You'd see a South American head of state in the newsreels and he'd be wearing a uniform. They'd show a mob of people listening to a man on a balcony and the man would be wearing a uniform, with medals glistening on his chest. Then the commentator would make a joke about the swiftness with which governments rose and fell in these countries. The next picture would be of Hoover, say, opening the baseball season. Something like that.

The man in uniform represented strife and dictatorship and uncertainty. When the camera returned to the US, peace and stability and civilian clothes abounded. Here uniforms were confined to the parade ground or the field of battle. The reason for all this trouble in other places, you were left to think, was because the men in the balcony were always wearing medals on their chests. They were military men who had thrown out the civilians and took things over themselves. That explained the street riots, the constant turmoil and the revolutions.

Now if they had a system in these countries like ours, with the President and all the political men in civilian clothes, the crowds would be at the ball park instead of massing in the streets and they could see their President there when he tossed out the first ball of the season.

By 1940, when Pershing was 80 years old, Americans started to learn the names of a few more living Generals. The draft law went into effect and it seemed that all through those years when Pershing was the only name that came to mind, the army had been naming Generals. A number of them proved to be extraordinary men. Little by little some of their names became familiar; their pictures appeared on the cover of *Life* and *Time* and someone who knew a man who once went to school with Stilwell's sister, say, or something like that would bring it up in conversation. Then Pearl Harbor and everyone, everyone suddenly knew who MacArthur was. In the taverns they put his picture beside Roosevelt's and there was a poster you could put in your front window—the brave, handsome profile and the words "I shall return."

One by one more Generals became famous—the cold, straight-forward George Marshall, flamboyant Patton, poker-faced Bradley, grinning Ike, Mark Clark, Hap Arnold. You saw their pictures everywhere, you followed their exploits, you learned their nicknames, you argued about which one had more on the ball. You still didn't think of them the way you used to think about the men on the balconies.

It was simply that this was wartime and obviously it was the Generals' hour. If anybody had asked you now, you would have supposed that after the victory they would come home, one by one, be given a hero's welcome and then retire to peace and quiet.

In the magazines they always asked the Generals about their plans for after the war, and the Generals always said that after this thing was cleared up they wanted to go fishing, see a ball game, sit on the front porch, that sort of thing. Generals were expected to say things like that. Nobody expected them to get up on a balcony and address the crowds or occupy an office in Washington, outside the Pentagon. We still thought along the Pershing lines—the war would be won, the Generals would get their pictures in the history texts and everyone would remember them gratefully. But the men in Washington, the fellows in civilian clothes, would take over again as soon as the victory was gained. Their pictures would be back on *Life* covers.

Then one thing after another happened. It seemed that General Marshall was too valuable a man to lose for public service. The President appointed him Secretary of State. Ditto General Bradley. The President appointed him head of the Veterans Administration. For the first post-war election General MacArthur was boomed for President and accepted the nomination. Both parties were anxious to get Dwight Eisenhower's name on their ticket. Slowly the idea caught on that there were two kinds of Generals: Republican Generals and Democratic Generals.

Now nobody thinks of Generals the old way. When you go to the movies you'll see General Franco, maybe, or Colonel Peron, and they will be wearing uniforms, and then in the next shot you'll see an American General giving a speech and though there is still a big difference, there isn't as much as there used to be.

JOHN COGLEY.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Key to Education

Schools, books, teachers are not enough —the student has to educate himself.

By LEO R. WARD

ONE of the social heresies which easily victimizes us in a democracy and in a wealthy country like ours is that good things are easy. The classic Greeks achieved great goods in sciences, in philosophy, in arts, and in the life of the public good. Though full of defects, these pagans, on rough land where they hardly had room to rest a foot, produced some great men and all in all a great civilization.

They came up with a formula to the effect that men have to pay for truly human goods: there is no easy, soft, babyish way to them. Pay for them, or do without them. And pay in the most human terms of forethought, discipline and sacrifice. The positive side of the formula is famous: "Lovely and excellent things are difficult." A man or a civilization can achieve great things, but it is not so simple as falling off a log. The other side of the story is that we would like to have everything served up to us. We are afraid of pain and discipline. As Aristotle put it, we have so strong a bias for pleasure that we do evil and miss doing good through fear of pain and love of pleasure.

In part, the implied formula of "the bourgeois" is that good things are easy. Shake a tree, preferably in the luscious climate of California or Florida, and all good things will fall into your lap. It is as simple as that. For guessing, out of four funny-looking names, who is the archbishop of Afghanistan, a man suddenly comes into glory and gets a house, a car, a deep freeze and for his son "a college education," for all of which he has to pay a surprisingly steep windfall tax. In fact, whatever goods you want can be had by shaking the tree, goods of freedoms, of science, of art, of peace and world order.

The idea is somewhat remote from many that a never-ceasing discipline and sacrifice are needed in order to achieve and maintain such goods, a discipline and sacrifice throughout most of our waking hours, throughout most of our years. And this sacrifice and discipline must go on generation after generation. Good things are difficult and never can be had for shaking the tree.

REV. LEO R. WARD, C.S.C., Professor of Philosophy at the University of Notre Dame, is the author of Value and Reality, and Holding Up the Hills, among other books.

That, in theory, is why we have schools, places of leisure where men and women can get a chance to form their intellects, their sensibilities or tastes, where, at least in some matters, they can grow into what God and nature would like everyone to be; where, on the higher levels, they can learn about sciences and some arts and, perhaps, really learn some sciences and some arts and get an introduction to a bit of philosophy and theology. But they cannot do this without paying for it in much more human coin than the economic $$'s and $$'s and $$'s now required "to get through school." They have to discipline their minds, their feelings, their sensibilities. They have to tame and calm themselves, St. Thomas says, and shut out noise and distraction, whether these come from people and events or from passions. Most young people find this a trifle tough, above all when we have to a degree neglected discipline and even taught in theory and practice that discipline—usually a bore to people—is unnecessary.

★

THE old theory seems to agree better with what we know of man and his mind. It agrees well also with the report in Genesis that Adam and Eve were over-tempted to think there must be an easy way of access to the tree of knowledge. We said the pagans had a wisdom on the matter. On the Greek-pagan view, virtues, whether moral or intellectual, are excellent things, they are perfections—not perfections in some mechanical line such as golf or knowing how to run a typewriter—but perfections of our inner being and of our spiritual life of intellect and will.

No easy road to these, say the pagans. No easy road to these, say Jews and Christians.

All the same, man can have a very good time in learning. He is made to know and to be morally virtuous. Aristotle said man is born for virtues. What this comes to is that man's nature is headed, to begin with, towards his whole being as man, towards the full stretch of his growth as a person and as a member of many communities, the most radical of which are family, State and Church. Or so we would now say as Christians, if it is possibly necessary to add to Aristotle's meaning on this point. Man also, St. Thomas

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

holds, wants to go with his form, just as everything wants to go with its form: wants to go and likes to go with it. This means, in the present connection, that man wants to go toward, and, if possible, to reach the peak of manhood. In John Dewey's magnificent summary, we want to work out conditions such that every man will have the chance to reach the full stature of his possibilities. And of course it is not merely we who want this, or John Dewey, but nature and God. That is clearly the direction proper in the first place to the human person. And also in the last place: I came that you might have life and more fully have it.

★

STRANGE then that if we really want to go, and like to go, in the direction of perfections and virtues, that after all the going is difficult and we do not like to go. Strange, indeed, unless we admit sin and a weakening and wounding of nature and natural direction. On a naturalistic hypothesis, sin or something like sin would be an answer. Otherwise, we are in quite a fix. We would either have to say that good things are evil—that is, against our nature—or to say that good things are easy and it is all like rolling off a log or shaking the tree.

For a long time, under the influence of nature and grace and no doubt under a kind of Protestant influence, we have said the business of schools is to make young people good. This would be a very special assignment. God and nature made the child good in the first place, and with a tendency, in St. Thomas's view, towards all good. That is a big installment in at least the direction of good, though the tendency is admitted to have some ineffectiveness. From that point on, it will have to be the work of God and of the human person himself to make this person good. It will be hard, to say the least, for the State, the school or even the family to make him good, though each of these can help him to grow as a person and concurrently as a member of the community.

This is what it means to become good. To "become" is the word, and not to "make," and obvious as this distinction is, the failure to make it leads educators into immense troubles and confusions.

One grows, one becomes good, one makes himself good, God makes him good. The State, the family, the school help him to grow, work with him and with God by removing obstacles, by showing him the beauty and glamor of goodness, by frightening him away, if possible, from evil, showing him, too, how horrible is evil, by bringing to him every encouragement to become good and to be what he is supposed to be.

Yet all of these may fail in a particular case, and with the child and the grace of God thrown in, they may fail. Our point is that the school need not try to design itself to do what it can not do, namely to make the child good. When the school does the wonderful things it can do, this trick of making a child good is still up to God and the child.

The saint-way is a great way to help people. We see in the saint what it is to be good and how great and attractive it is to be good. We are still in the Protestant-puritanic toils when we write books about "Saints are human" and "Saints are not sad." Only the other day I saw billed at a Protestant church door the title of a coming sermon: "Goodness can be attractive and friendly."

The truth is that only the saint is fully human and only goodness is attractive.

★

THE remarkable thing is that though we might grant so much, we still think that someone else, a lecturer for instance, can come along and make a man's mind good. We easily see that Lincoln educated his own mind. But we suppose that someone called a teacher can pour in a lot of soft stuff, courses, credits, degrees, and thus educate a boy or girl. It is as simple as that. The teacher, in this view, is the chief cause of education. The boy or girl is largely passive, a bystander. Did not Aristotle say that intellectual virtue is got for the most part by teaching, whereas moral virtue is got from practice?

As schools are carried on, it would be logical to conclude that the teacher is the only agent. This customary assumption is badly mistaken, and the progressivist idea, with emphasis on the student's doing something or other, represents a needed reform. In the pure or theoretic sciences, which include big hunks of mathematics, biology, physics, logic, theology and philosophy, the student is vastly helped by the work of good teachers, by the teacher's throwing the student—to use Dewey's notion—into a situation where the student will have to work in order to get out: a kind of rat in the trap idea; and, on the higher levels, by the teacher's perpetually helping the student to get a glimpse of what the problem is and of how the best minds have tried to solve it.

But first and last the student will have to be the chief efficient cause of learning. The teacher cannot "learn him," and we have to be careful when we say the teacher can "teach him." The student can teach himself, and the teacher can help him to teach himself.

In this way the teacher is the chief instrumental cause of learning, but not its chief cause. He is, in Plato's great summary, the midwife, surely a high function when something so godlike as learning is being born. This view of the teach-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

er as midwife is the view of St. Thomas, and is expressed in almost sacred terms in Maritain's *Education at the Crossroads* where he says the teacher is truly a ministerial agent, "but that the principal agent in education, the primary dynamic factor or propelling force, is the internal vital principle in the one to be educated."

Everybody is capable of some self-activation and some self-education. Lincoln evidently was quite exceptional in this regard, and so was Pascal who, without having ever seen Euclid's work, discovered most of the propositions in Euclid's first book. This was self-activation and self-education. Few persons have the ability, get-up, and grinding persistence, to say nothing of the genius, to do much totally on their own. At best, they start, and fold up.

This means that almost all of us need schools and teachers. It would be too much to expect the ordinary student to discover as did one student in hundreds of millions a big chunk of Euclid. The student has to be a self-starter, a self-activator, a self-educator. He has to have much help, however, as he does it.

★

HENCE the simplemindedness of supposing, as we readily do, that youths or adults become educated by passively looking on or listening in. Unless student and teacher can bring the student's mind to activity on great matters, nothing much happens. The student must go docilely with the things he learns and with any good teacher. But docility without a live imagination and a live intelligence cannot educate anyone.

Take the case of the movie-goer or the television fan. A few out of ten thousand movie-goers use their imaginations and intellects. Most are merely entertained, and, whatever we wish to say for such entertainment, it ordinarily is not education. It does not activate minds, and as a rule the American movie carefully avoids great subject matter and any delicacy of presentation. Yet as Budd Schulberg said, writing in the *Atlantic* (November, 1947), in the half-century of the movie, it need not do this: ideally, it could enter the arts, demand art in its actors, and teach great things in an artistic way. In short, people sitting through movies could have their imaginations and finer sensibilities and their minds so activated and indeed self-activated that something more than entertainment and information would be possible.

Education is, then, self-education. Almost any man to go far in it needs the story of the past and needs teachers, libraries and laboratories to suggest to him where to find it and how to find it, to direct and encourage the student who in the long run either educates himself or remains uneducated.

FROM YUGOSLAVIA

Uncertain Ally

Belgrade

IN THE event that Yugoslavia is attacked by her Cominform neighbors and, let us assume, by the USSR at the same time—since her neighbors alon could not cope with her—the Yugoslavs have a plan for disrupting traffic on the Danube River, an artery which is of vital importance to the Russians. The Yugoslav General Staff has had the steep rocks on the Yugoslav side of the river at Orsova, on the frontier with Rumania, stuffed with high explosives and the plan is to send these rocks falling into the water at this point where the narrow passage is deepest. Obviously no navigation will be possible until the rocks are removed. The territory all around Orsova is kept under strict control.

From what can be seen from the Yugoslav side of the Danube at Orsova, it is apparent that all possible measures have been taken on the Rumanian side to prevent this plan from working. Probably there is no place on all the fronts of the cold war where two opposing garrisons are watching each other more closely night and day. And probably there is no place where the cold war could more suddenly become a hot one.

This is not the first time that these rock cliffs have been mined for similar purposes. However, in 1941, just before the Germans bombed Belgrade, they first outmaneuvered the Yugoslav garrison stationed in these rocks by sending out a selected group of SS commandos who took the Yugoslavs by surprise. This time, though, the garrison is better prepared.

★

THAT is the way war might start again, according to the speculation current among some of the Yugoslavs and some of the Cominform refugees, who arrive in large numbers from neighboring countries despite the fact that the Yugoslav border is more like a front than anything else. Their war-fatalism is distressing. They do not figure on an isolated, localized war, such as that in Korea, but their talk is to the effect that "the big war" might break out in the Balkans as it did in 1914. Many of the refugees from Hungary and especially those from Bulgaria, who are taken care of by the Allied military authorities in Trieste, do not want to travel away from their homes any further, so stubbornly convinced are they that the time is near at hand when they will be able to return to their own countries and have their revenge there.

According to this particular view of things, the Red Army is ready, in case of necessity, to attack Yugoslavia in a huge pincer movement from Bulgaria and Hungary. Cominform spies caught in Yugoslavia say that the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

standard questions the Russian intelligence officers ask them are, Are there British or American advisers with the Yugoslav Army? Are there new roads being built that run in an eastward direction? How long are the runways of the new military airfields in Yugoslavia?

The constant Russian fear seems to be that Yugoslavia is being transformed into a jump-off area for an Allied attack in the direction of the Danube. The above-mentioned pincer movement is intended to prevent that and, it is thought, the Russians will move in three directions: eastward toward Istanbul in order to close the Black Sea, southward toward the Mediterranean through the port of Salonika, and westward toward Cominformist Albania, the defenses of which have been built up over the past two years by Russian experts. The attack from Hungary should strike for the port of Fiume on the Adriatic Sea, thus separating the Yugoslavs from the Allies in Italy. None of these objectives is more than 120 miles from the starting points of the attack and there are no difficult obstacles to be overcome. The operations could be supported from already existing Russian air bases.

★

IT is no secret at all that the Yugoslav General Staff intends, in such a situation, to withdraw to the mountainous western parts of the country, to the Julian Alps and to Bosnia around Sarajevo, where Tito successfully resisted the Germans in the last war despite the superior numbers of the German troops. In this event, the dynamiting operation at Orsova will serve only as a delaying action. Experience has shown that only defense lines based on mountainous terrain can resist modern arms. In these mountainous positions the Yugoslavs could be supported by the Western Allies from Italy, their lines secured by the Italian fortifications in the Julian Alps, and they could also be supplied over the Adriatic Sea routes.

The only snags in this Yugoslav defense plan are that it has its weak points on the strategic level, as well as on the human level. On the strategic level, the weakness is the existence of Cominformist Albania, which is at the moment the only base the Cominform has on the Mediterranean. It is obvious that it would be to the interest of both Yugoslavia and Greece to eliminate this menace before it is too late. But as the situation is now in the Balkans, any change in Albania might mean the beginning of World War III.

According to Yugoslav sources, the Albanian port of Valona is already a strong, bomb-proof harbor for Russian pocket submarines and in case of war these submarines could be a considerable nuisance, possibly isolating the mountain-fast Tito from the sea and hampering the transport of troops and materiel to Trieste. It is increasingly necessary for Albania's neighbors to eliminate the possible effectiveness of this port but unfortunately the risks involved increase also.

★

THE SECOND weak point of the Yugoslav defense plan is on the human level, that is, the reliability of the Yugoslav officers. Practically none of them is of the pre-war Yugoslav Army. Ninety-three per cent belong to the Communist Party and to the hard core of veterans, at that, who learned how to fight and how to lead their men during the difficult struggle with the Germans. Some of them later received a thorough theoretical training in the Russian Frunze and Voroshilov Military Academies. For them Marxism is the only reality and they have no other background.

As typical of their mentality, consider their attitude toward the war in Korea. At its outbreak there was not a shadow of a doubt in their minds that the North Koreans were victims of an American-sponsored aggression. They considered this an article of faith for a good Communist to believe, and they held it quite independently of their quarrel with the Russians. Sympathy for the North Koreans increased to such a degree toward the beginning of this year that a group of young officers suggested to the General Staff that a band of Yugoslav volunteers be sent to Korea to fight against the American imperialists.

The proposal was turned down, to their great surprise, and a few weeks later Tito made a speech denouncing the North Koreans as aggressors. The effect on these officers was like a slap in the face.

Every time Tito makes a concession to the West in order to receive help he so badly needs, there is a chance that these single-minded Marxist soldiers will not understand and will lose faith in their chief and warlord, whom they once cherished above all else. Even if the majority of them should fight for him, the ever-present and elusive Cominform fifth column will be there among the Yugoslav Communist veterans. And yet these officers are supposed to lead the Yugoslav Army against the Russians, in case of attack.

★

THAT IS why it is necessary to bear in mind that in the event of war, whole Yugoslav companies, regiments or divisions, led by their officers, may defect to the Russians or at least behave in a way that will facilitate the Russians' plans, particularly if the latter use parachute troops. Here the fifth column is on the officer level, not on the level of the rank and file, as it is in the French and Italian armies, where Communist sabotage is always possible. It is more dangerous to have a fifth column among the officers than among the men.

The Yugoslav soldiers who are recruited for the most part from among the suffering, subdued masses and peasantry, whose passive resistance to everything Communist has never been as strong as it is now, will have very little opportunity to act independently in the event of war. The soldier's discipline is very hard and his only hope is desertion, a factor which does not increase the fighting value of the Yugoslav army. Even if the majority of the officers and men fight for Tito, these human weaknesses in the army might prove exceedingly dangerous. That is why shipping arms from the West to Tito involves very great risks.

GUNNAR D. KUMLIEN.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SO THEY TELL ME

Koestler's Dialogue With Death

MORE, perhaps, than any other living man, Arthur Koestler carries Communism around with him as an unrelievable burden. It is in his blood, like the seeds of malaria which marks a man as a permanent victim. In the presence of Communism Mr. Koestler has, even yet, to put on a heavy coat.

There are men, you and I have met them, who never wholly recover from a single love. Other women they come to know, and may even marry. They may be quiet about the first love, and the very quietness emphasizes the depth of the irrevocable attachment. They may be loud in their unvarying condemnation and even hatred of the first-loved woman. The hatred is testimony to the fact that she will flee from the spirit and die, only with the man's death. It is more than a little frightening to be in the presence of such a man; for his is a terrible burden.

How beautifully, and with such honesty and unceasing awareness, does Arthur Koestler describe his own predicament:

> I served the Communist Party for seven years—the same length of time as Jacob tended Laban's sheep to win Rachel his daughter. When the time was up, the bride was led into his dark tent; only the next morning did he discover that his ardors had been spent not on the lovely Rachel but on the ugly Leah.
>
> I wonder whether he ever recovered from the shock of having slept with an illusion. I wonder whether afterwards he believed that he had ever believed it. I wonder whether the happy end of the legend will be repeated; for at the price of another seven years of labor, Jacob was given Rachel too, and the illusion became flesh.
>
> And the seven years seemed unto him but a few days for the love he had for her.

Mr. Koestler has never recovered from the shock. And he is without Rachel.

I heard him speak the other night, and none, I suppose, was unaware of his preoccupation; nor of the irony of his speaking about "Freedom and Myth." He is our most brilliant exposer of the Soviet myth. Beside him the Gitlows, the Bentleys, the Budenzes, even the Burnhams and the Malrauxs, are as little children without light or language. Mr. Koestler has been vaccinated. But, like a stevedore's knife-cut, his vaccination shows and throbs.

★

ARTHUR KOESTLER is a short man, whose shortness disappears as soon as he begins to speak. He speaks slowly and with growing vigor; and, as he speaks, you remember the pain and the difficulty of his career. There is, though, about his whole appearance no visible sign of the pain, no romantic lines in the serene face to remind you that he has lived in what he once called "the actual expectancy and fear of death."

It is only when you begin to pay attention to what he is saying that you become aware of the troubled mind; that, in a sense, Arthur Koestler is still pursuing a "dialogue with death." Oddly enough, of all the words which he has written, what you remember are some lines from *Arrival and Departure*:

> The great vision had burnt itself out. Instead of an ordinary two-front war there was now a war in a triangle: one side was utopia betrayed; the second tradition decayed; the third destruction arrayed. Of course one had to fight against the third. There was no other choice; but it was a duty, not a mission—and for dead illusions there was no resurrection.

What is clear, as you listen, is that the vision is, indeed, gone, the controlled anger and the brilliance gone, which went into the abiding making of his political novel, *Darkness At Noon*. Mr. Koestler spoke of "man's need to belong and to believe." But if he believes in anything that may be described as a faith, I do not know what it is. It is curious, for example, that he never once used the word "freedom," although he often used the word "myth."

It is curious that he began, and ended, by saying that our society and ourselves have two needs: "the need to survive, and the need for intellectual clarity." But, while I do not dissent from either of these propositions, neither of them constitutes an affirmation of the human spirit, of inspiring belief. They describe a duty, not a mission. The fact is that, in his penal service to Communism, Mr. Koestler's soul seems to have suffered a deep wound, and that he feels obliged to fight against the enemy in what seems to him a long dark night of longing and despair.

★

HOW else can one account for his position that one is "helpless" in the presence of Communism's organized mass lie? How else account for his unargued insistence that "the masses are irrational?" How else does one explain his assertion that it is "a fiction" that the individual man is a rational, political animal. The truth, says Arthur Koestler, is that the individual is a "political neurotic," that a "political libido" exists.

There is prior evidence in all of Mr. Koestler's writing that he has large acquaintance and preoccupation with Freud. He is not the first—and I patiently expect not the last—to try to explain our political behavior in terms of psychoanalysis. I have no special objection to Freud, or to anyone else who helps me to explain and to understand the workings and the conduct of baffling man. Though much of psychoanalysis merely amuses me, I am grateful for any help it may bring to the illumination of human character. I am prepared to accept

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

what seems to me to be the fact—that human history is a tragedy. I am not unaware that man is capable of almost limitless evil. Anyone who has even a running acquaintance with Sophocles, with the Bible, with Shakespeare, not to mention the Nazis and the Communists, needs no new argument to persuade him of that. Rebecca West's sentence: "For it was plain that, as Christian philosophy so harshly averred, the world was a stage on which an extraordinary drama, not yet fully comprehended by the intellect, was being performed," is still, for me, an accurate description of human affairs.

But what is gained for insight, or for truth, in a description of the fellow traveler as "a demi-virgin"? What, especially, is added to my historical or political comprehension, when Mr. Koestler says that the fellow traveler is living in "a wish and fear universe"? Mr. Koestler properly states that such a man is disturbed by the facts about Soviet Russia, or her involuntary satellites, by the facts about Alger Hiss. He alleges that such a man's "inner censor" protects his illusions by suppressing the facts, and that such a suppression is proof of his political neuroticism. Therefore, rational argument with such men is impossible.

He attempts to explain French "neutralism" as further evidence of the political neurotic, on the ground that Frenchmen can, thus, assert they do not need the United States, or want her, or want the Soviets, since "neutralism" is a rationalization of the legend that all were heroes, all part of the Resistance, that France, actually, liberated herself. Neutralism, according to him, helps to protect this historical illusion, and frees Frenchmen from the "guilt feeling" of having been occupied by the Nazis, and rescued by the United States.

In a similar way, some Germans deny the facts about the mass liquidation of Jews and Poles. But the German silence about the facts, or this denial of the facts, is proof of political neuroticism, since to be neurotic is to deny reality. Equally do British and American diplomatic crises give evidence of neuroticism, because such crises express "mutual exasperation of an ambivalent partnership."

★

NOW all this might delight and titillate your sophomore sister, but as a serious explanation of national conduct, I find it something less than stimulating. It seems to me to be at one with the allegation that juvenile delinquency is the produced result of too few playgrounds. I don't profess to know why little Johnny takes an axe, and gives his mother forty whacks; but I do not think things are susceptible of so simple an explanation as that. To put it simply, I do not think that Mr. Koestler's explanations explain very much. If our survival depends, in part, on the need for intellectual clarity, I did not find in Mr. Koestler's speech any contribution which was either notable or luminous. Surely there is serious decline in a once coruscating mind, if he can take all this with vigorous seriousness.

If you do not proceed in the belief that man is a politically rational animal—and, of course, he is not constantly—then it is to be expected that you will conclude that any old and complex culture, attacked by monolithic hordes, cannot, in defense of civilization, run up any flags of ideas. For such flags are the mere color of illusions. Arthur Koestler does not want, ever again, to risk Leah, in his once strong desire for Rachel.

What I have just witnessed is both an extraordinary and a frightening performance. It is extraordinary, for it is an indication of the great evil which lies in Communism, of the almost diabolical nature of its system and its practice. It is presently beside the point that Arthur Koestler voluntarily served it. Its power to injure and offend the spirit still remains in him. Whatever he may come to be and do, the man who made the speech I listened to is more spiritually shattered than I had any knowledge of.

It is frightening, for Mr. Koestler is depending, now, wholly on force—or on technical superiority for our survival. If man is not a rational animal he is not amenable to argument, to reason, to persuasion. And Mr. Koestler is willing to abandon argument.

★

I DO not wish to be unfair to him. But if man is not, politically, a rational animal, then is he not, indeed, the "grammatical fiction," which Rubashov, and Koestler too, once thought he was? Was not the final decision of Rubashov, worked out in the anguish and agony of the spirit, that the ego was real and meaningful? How can man be moral man, who is not rational man? Why should he not be governed absolutely—democracy abandoned as a myth—who, in the individual and in the mass, is merely a neurotic? Or should we lock up the universe in a huge, lunatic asylum?

Koestler, who regards religion as a myth, seems, like Luther, to have arrived at a faith which is one with despair; and, like Calvin, to regard most of us as eternally damned, in a universe in which he does not admit of eternity.

FRANCIS DOWNING.

An Appeal

LLEWELLYN SCOTT of the Blessed Martin de Porres Hospice, 38 Eye Street, N.E., Washington 2, D. C., requires $300 a month to keep his interracial house going. (Last March donations amounted to $17.) He himself has a regular job but manages to feed from 35 to 40 men both before and after his day's work. Local inspectors have recently been making great difficulties for Mr. Scott, demanding better bedding and other facilities and improvements in his building. Others have been insisting that he pay a rooming and boarding house tax. As yet he has been unable to obtain surplus supplies, available to charitable groups, from his local school board.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Stage

FLAHOOLEY

"FLAHOOLEY" is "Finian's Rainbow" gone wrong. "Finian" was an odd combination of simple fantasy, social satire, and music which somehow or other managed to blend its diverse ingredients into an evening of happy nonsense. "Flahooley" repeats the formula, almost too carefully: we are presented with a genie in place of the leprechaun, an Arabian princess trying to make Aladdin's lamp work in place of the old Irishman looking for a pot of gold, and big business in place of racial discrimination as the object of the intermittent satire. But the elements have failed to come together comfortably. In "Finian" a certain logic tied them together: both the Irishman and the leprechaun had a lot to do with the love story; and the notion of Fort Knox as the pot-of-gold was a happy inspiration which linked the social satire to the fantasy with ease. In "Flahooley," however, the love interest is only arbitrarily related to anything else and is forced to contrive its own difficulties over and over again; the big business stuff goes one way, the genie turns up late and goes another, and the Arabian princess has nothing to do with the case.

What has hurt the authors most, however, is what probably interested them most: the social satire. It is a condition of successful satire that the social absurdity strike the authors, and the audience, as funny. The Messrs. Harburg and Saidy, it seems to me, are not so much amused as appalled at the big-business didoes of overproduction, interlocking ownerships, and the deliberate destruction of markets. They are rather in earnest about these things—and rather late about it, too; most of what they have to say on the subject has been said repeatedly for the last fifteen years, and frequently said better—with the result that they are both heavy-handed and heavy-hearted in their comment. In "Finian," however serious they may have been at bottom, they were able to see the humor inherent in the social incongruity and to project it from that point of view: an educated Negro studiously learning to speak and walk in the acceptable plantation manner; a ranting racist delivering his peroration from a lawn swing which moves in rhythm with his rhetoric. In these things the social vice is made transparently ridiculous and we cannot help but laugh. In "Flahooley," on the other hand, the authors seem not to have acquired that congenial perspective in which the patent absurdity can be seen and smiled at. Instead they are busy, belligerent, and humorless. They are engaged in lecturing us with opinion rather than entertaining us with truth—and this is, after all, the difference between didacticism and satire. These two things are often confused, and "Flahooley" suffers mightily from the confusion. The didactic spirit has further been permitted to spill all over the place, to infect not only the big-business materials but the fantasy as well, and the genie—whose name is Abou Ben Atom, and more I need not tell you—is himself as labored as he is symbolic, precisely as unfunny as the atom bomb which he is vaguely meant to suggest. As the evening comes to a close, the authors seem to lament—via their morose genie—the fact that laughter has disappeared from the world, apparently unaware that they have fallen into their own trap and contributed heavily to its disappearance. They seem to blame the world of business for the death of laughter; while there may even be something in the point, the fact remains that the world of business is not supposed to produce laughter, and musical comedy is, and the authors wind up rather guiltier than their target.

Howard Bay's bright and handsome settings are far and away the best feature of the evening. Helen Tamiris seems to have chosen production numbers rather than dances by way of her contribution to the proceedings, and I hope she won't let it become a habit. Among the performers, I especially liked Jerome Courtland and Bill and Cora Baird's Puppets. (*At the Broadhurst*)

GETTING MARRIED

ANTA's intentions in producing Bernard Shaw's "Getting Married" were obviously honorable: there is a handsome setting, a company of distinguished performers, and a general air of efficiency about the venture. Unfortunately, Director Peter Frye has not really grasped the playing style to which Shaw is accustomed and he has substituted speed, business, and sometimes ferocity for the bland, simple, and quite sincere effrontery which characterizes both the author and all of his people. Under Mr. Frye's direction the performers keep looking for the obvious laughs and, when they come to them, insist upon reading them with self-conscious, rather than character, humor. The result is that they falsify the epigrams—Shaw is not Oscar Wilde—and miss all of the other laughs. Those who come closest to combining the disarming geniality with the fundamental dead-earnestness of Shavian comedy are Guy Spaull, Frederic Warriner, and, to a lesser degree, John Buckmaster. I also thought that Arthur Treacher would have been fine under better guidance, and that Bramwell Fletcher's transition from straight leading-man to character stuff was most successfully made. I don't know what Peggy Wood should have done with the clairvoyant sequence toward the end of the play—thrown it out, perhaps—but whatever it was, she didn't do it. (*Closed at the ANTA Playhouse*)

WALTER KERR.

MARYFILMS is the name of a new organization of young Catholic laymen which describes as its ultimate purpose: "to lay the foundation for an integrated full-time lay apostolate whereby Christian ideals can be given full and adequate expression, by means of interesting and entertaining presentations, through the field of press, radio, motion pictures and television." For information, address: Maryfilms, 8756 Wilshire Boulevard, Beverly Hills, Calif.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Screen

FAREWELL ME LOVELY

AS IS SO often the case when Hollywood turns a popular play into a film, the studios forget that they must abandon stage technique and make their movie more visual than talky. In filming *"Goodbye My Fancy,"* Producer Henry Blanke and Director Vincent Sherman actually try to get some motion into their picture; they move the camera often enough from place to place on the campus at Good Hope College, where most of the events occur, but the scenes themselves are static, and the talk, though witty and interesting, is more important than what you see.

The main theme of "Goodbye My Fancy" is concerned with academic freedom. A congresswoman, very much on the liberal side, returns to Good Hope College to find that her alma mater is not doing the good job she thought. Its president is an "educatoror" (an educator with a bankside manner) who kowtows to the conservative board of trustees and is even willing to cancel the showing of a film sponsored by the Congresswoman. This film, which we do not see, shows the burning of books and muzzling of education elsewhere, and makes a plea for freedom of thought and education.

As a sort of whipped-cream topping to the main theme is the plot involving the congresswoman (alertly played by Joan Crawford, in a series of gowns that are much more Crawford than Congress) who has already turned down degrees from Vassar and Wellesley but is anxious to return to her college so she can "walk barefoot down memory lane." Since she was expelled from this school some twenty years ago (for staying out all night with a man) and since this man is now the college president (played with an almost perfect stuffy air by Robert Young), our Joanie is bubbling with girlish excitement over the reunion and perhaps a continuation of the romance with this handsome widower. However, two people conspire against the congresswoman's gushing remembrance of things past: a *Life* photographer (Frank Lovejoy at his realistically cynical best), who is interested in pushing his own romance with the congresswoman; and her secretary (Eve Arden at her realistically cynical best), who wryly tosses off the clever wisecracks from Fay Kanin's original play as well as several new snappy remarks thought up by the scriptwriters. All of this gets pretty cute at times, and is certainly corny at times. But its ideas on the throttling of education are nothing to be sniffed at, and if they are made into acceptable entertainment with jokes and a flashy cast, even though not particularly cinematic, let's give "Goodbye My Fancy" a hand.

★

IF, however, action is what you prefer in a movie, you'll find the new Alan Ladd thriller an exciting item that stretches your credibility at times but never gets dull as a movie. Its introduction praising the Postal Inspection Service, got off on the wrong foot for me by also praising the hard-working postman who calls at your house "a dozen times a week." (I am still resentful of the postal regulations of last year which brings the postman to my house only once a day.) But when *"Appointment with Danger"* really got going with its murder scene in Gary, Indiana, and established that the only person who saw the murderers was a nun from Fort Wayne, the picture took on a tense quality that never relaxed until its finale. As the postal inspector assigned to the case, Alan Ladd is up to his usual tough tricks, but they are softened a bit this time with touches of humor that creep into the dialogue whenever the sour detective and the calm nun (Phyllis Calvert) get into an argument. Perhaps as chilling as the scenes in which Ladd joins up with the band of crooks (led by Paul Stewart) in order to learn their inner deals, are the sequences played by Ladd and Jan Sterling as a gangster's moll. But what is perhaps most unusual about this movie, which has many points in its favor, is its complete absence of a romance.

★

THE SAME cannot be said of *"Along the Great Divide,"* a western with Kirk Douglas and Virginia Mayo opposing each other so vehemently for two thirds of its running time that you are sure they'll get together for the final clinch. They do—but not before the action takes all the leading players across the blazing desert in one of the hottest and driest treks ever shown in a movie. Douglas is a U. S. Marshal who has Virginia's father (Walter Brennan) under arrest, so Virginia and a couple of deputies tag along for the ride and walk. And poor Marshal Douglas has to fight not only the villains who follow the trail and hope to bump off the prisoner, but also Virginia, her father *and* the deputies. Actually this is supposed to be a psychological western; beside all his other troubles, Kirk Douglas has some kind of a father problem which is hinted at every fifteen minutes or so but doesn't really come out into the open until we're a little tired of its implications. Raoul Walsh who has directed many a lively western handles this one as if he were aiming at the art trade.

★

IF YOUR tastes run toward the giddy, you'll probably find *"On the Riviera"* the answer to a little relaxing. Instead of being hampered by playing two roles, Danny Kaye is doubly funny in this bit of froth, and the script provides him with a lot of semi-logical nonsense that he handles to perfection. The plot, which has some of the mistaken-identity tricks of "The Guardsman" when it verges on the risque, isn't exactly edifying; but Danny, assisted by Gene Tierney and Corinne Calvet (one for each Kaye) plus some very bright humor and good songs by Sylvia Fine, would even amuse Victoria Regina, who, to put it mildly, wasn't easily amused.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Note on George Orwell

By GEOFFREY ASHE

NO intelligent critic would try to classify George Orwell. Indeed, one could almost call it the point of his career that he fitted nowhere. If I now attempt the impossible, this is not from perversity of spirit, but because the attempt, however foolhardy, may effect a little toward getting a remarkable author into some sort of perspective. Comprehension advances a step or two if he is placed where I suggest, and where, I think, nobody else has yet suggested—in the select company of the Tory Radicals. He belonged essentially with those who have attacked Capitalism from a pre-Capitalistic point of view. They have never been numerous in England, and Orwell, though a Scotsman by birth, was almost excessively English in his general outlook. He moved, therefore, into isolation and idiosyncrasy, torturing himself and enriching literature.

It is one of the major weaknesses of the English political vocabulary that the word "Tory" has become a synonym for "Conservative." To call someone a Tory implies that he stands for private enterprise, big business, commercial and industrial progress, imperialism. Such things, however, are really Whig or Liberal. The confusion arose in the Victorian era, owing partly to the increasing respectability of "trade," partly to the increasing aggressiveness of labor, both of which tended to herd the possessing classes together into one mass. Many business men became peers and large landowners, while the Tory gentry, in self-defense against revolution, allied themselves socially and politically with business—the latter dominating the partnership.

★

THE Toryism which survived in that century was Christian, agrarian, peaceable rather than enterprising; inclined to favor the small economic unit; inclined to respect human dignity at all levels; disinclined to scramble for money. It could be purblind and callous, but it could also be admirable, often far more so than the thing out of which modern Conservatism grew. Lord Shaftesbury, who introduced legislation on behalf of the working people, was opposed by Bright and Cobden in the name of political economy. But the Tory-Capitalist distinction, which was still perceptible when Galsworthy wrote *The Skin Game,* at last disappeared, swallowed up in a Conservative conglomerate. There are a few living Englishmen who cling to genuinely Tory ideals, but there is no longer any suitable label for them. When, as in the case of Chesterton, a man of that outlook revolts violently against Capitalism (which he can quite logically do), one simply does not know how to describe him. The phrase "Tory Radical" is in order, but it sounds like a paradox.

George Orwell, at any rate, maneuvered himself into this unusual position. I do not mean that his thinking was either religious or reactionary. He was a convinced and narrow believer in progress as the Left understands it. He wanted a materialistic Utopia; it hardly even occurred to him that any sensible person could disagree on that question, or cherish any other ideal. But he also wanted a reign of kindness, brotherhood, beauty, truth. And here he met trouble. For his great honesty forced him to admit that he stood almost alone—not as being ahead of his time, but as being behind it.

His ethic was substantially Christian. Though an agnostic, he liked to consider himself an English Protestant; his funeral, by his own wishes, took place in church. But the progressives with whom he came in contact were not Christian, at least in his sense. Some were trade-unionists out for what they could grab. Some were cranks—the "vegetarians and birth-control advocates" whom he attacked in *The Road to Wigan Pier* so vehemently that his publisher, the Socialist Gollancz, had to put in an apologetic preface. Others again, the most formidable group, were the Communists and their fellow travelers, who had converted the revolutionary impulse into Russian chauvinism, and erected, on the ruins of a morality destroyed by Enlightenment, the inhuman opportunism we know. These latter horrified Orwell. Something was hideously wrong, when the only effective movement for social change was a treacherous conspiracy in the interest of foreign despots.

★

NOR was it merely the Left that breathed corruption. It was all society, and he wanted to know why. He sought for the roots of the dying decencies, and found them, as he supposed, in the Toryism which all progressives rejected with contempt. Though his remarks usually have a special application to England, they apply, *mutatis mutandis,* to Western civilization at large.

The important essay "Raffles and Miss Blandish," where one sees him clearly in his black final mood, is a piece of literary criticism which develops into a sweeping diatribe against contemporary standards of conduct. The intellectuals, it is argued, with their persistent subversion of all principles, have at last succeeded in corrupting the populace. Even snobbery—the pride of the gentleman, the respect paid to him—could act once as a bulwark against universal gangsterism, but now snobbery has gone. Dealing elsewhere with literature and what is called culture generally, Orwell compelled himself to acknowledge that such things have hitherto been inseparable from privilege, and that, as a matter of biographical fact, hardly any outstanding writers have long remained Socialists. Again, he wrote a novel entitled *Coming Up For Air,* in which, speaking through

---

GEOFFREY ASHE is an English critic, a contributor to The Month and other periodicals.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

an invented character a good deal simpler than himself, he lamented the abolition by "progress" of the England of his boyhood. National life had been based formerly on a vast foundation of solid and ordinary people—people who worked well and dealt honorably, who possessed charity and self-reliance, who went to church on Sunday and faced the world with peace in their hearts. Then the pattern broke, and an England flooded with debased products and disfigured by commercial expansion was given over to fear and falsity and estrangement. The sordid brutalities of industrial society, which Orwell understood from experience, never appeared to him in a Marxist light as steps in a social process leading to eventual escape. He saw them as ghastly aberrations, not necessarily leading anywhere in particular; though the most probable end was slavery. Behind all the horrors, he gives one the impression of a lost norm, entirely foreign to contemporary Left-Wing thought. His discontent is not forward-looking. On the contrary, it is downright nostalgic. One essay after another suggests, like "Raffles and Miss Blandish," that man is getting worse, and that most of the surviving good in the West is a hangover from the world of our grandfathers, who did preserve the Christian values. It was that world, indeed, which gave birth to Socialism itself in its older and nobler form, as a vision of human equality and cooperation.

★

BY the nineteen-forties, Socialism had become something different. Nevertheless, Orwell did call himself a Socialist, and, when faced with a concrete choice in British politics, he unhesitatingly backed the Labor Party. Considering that he thought its nominal Socialism rather a fraud, his enthusiasm for Labor went surprisingly far. In the month of his death, shortly before the election of 1950, a friend found him busy with a map of Great Britain, sticking little flags in it and calculating the chances. The motive of this gusto was probably his consciousness of one great deed irreversibly accomplished—the ruin of the altogether appalling Conservatism that governed before the war. Where positive action was concerned, he had long since known himself to be divided. He desired a revolution, yet apparently the only real revolutionaries were unscrupulous Muscovites. He believed in traditional moral values, yet apparently the only other believers in those values were obscurantists and shareholders and powerless humanitarians, who were no good for a revolution. Hardly anybody on earth seemed just right. Orwell's Socialism (if it can so be called) inevitably entailed pessimism. With tormented energy, he poured out dozens of articles and books refuting the facile notions of other Socialists. *Burmese Days* reduced to nonsense the Left-Wing caricature of British imperialism. *Homage to Catalonia* contained unwelcome truths about Spain. And the cumulative force of his weekly columns in *Tribune* was overwhelming.

This pessimism of his had a curious air of being wrong in detail but right in principle. Certainly he was always going astray out of sheer gloom. For a long time he predicted that no British Government would ever voluntarily renounce India. When the 1945 election approached, he said first that the Labor Party would not contest the election, then that it would not try to win, then that, even if it did try, it would not succeed. In the *Tribune,* at the end of December '45, he made some ugly prophecies for the coming year, most of which proved equally false. Far more of what he wanted has happened than he expected to happen. Yet one does not feel, after all, that the world is much better than he portrayed it. The truth (which Orwell himself never admitted, at least in print) is that the things he prized as a Socialist, while often desirable, were also deceptive. With all his honesty, he did not wholly avoid the "progressive" delusion that the good life can be legislated or constructed. Tom Paine thought the abolition of kings and priests would solve all social problems; Cobbett ascribed miraculous virtues to the Reform Bill; the Socialists made similar claims for public ownership, and the suffragettes anticipated endless peace and prosperity if only women could get the vote. One aim after another has been achieved—yet somehow the promised beatitude is delayed. As the hero of *Thunder Rock* discovered, a bare enumeration of successful reforms during the last century, political and otherwise, conveys the idea of triumphant progress; but mankind does not seem to grow any happier.

Largely for this reason, I think, Orwell's best writings show unmistakable signs of bewilderment. His changes are interesting. In 1941 he was momentarily hopeful: he published *The Lion and the Unicorn,* a pamphlet expressing a serious belief in postwar measures of nationalization, social security, and economic planning. Three years later he sneered at this belief. Manifestly the program was a dream, and the politicians would never do anything. He was mistaken, of course. Most of what he had hoped for did come. After five years of Labor government, the basic industries did belong to the State; social security and free medical care were realities; the most sanguine dreams of English Social Democracy had been fulfilled. Utopia ought to have arrived—and it hadn't. Orwell might still say, as he did, that on the crucial tests of a Socialist regime in Great Britain (the abolition of the public schools and the House of Lords) the Government had failed; but he obviously could not pretend that these reforms would have made the difference. All that immediately mattered of his own 1941 program had become law. Yet the result did not taste as it should have tasted.

★

IN his final phase, baffled by the continued sterility of progress, Orwell groped towards the idea of a strictly philosophical or spiritual crisis. *Animal Farm,* his allegory of the Soviet Union, quietly dismisses the whole Marxist myth of history. The lesson of the fable, enforced with great skill and humor, is that when revolutions become perverted they become so for moral reasons. The tyranny of the pigs is not due to any sort of environ-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mental determinism. Its causes are to be found in craft and ambition on the one side and over-trustful docility on the other. It seems sufficiently plain that at the close of his life Orwell had transcended Socialism in all senses significant for the world as it is. While unable to budge an inch toward Christian orthodoxy, he clung to Christian values, and recognized their origin. While longing for revolution, he felt bound to oppose the revolutionaries. A miserable position for any man, let alone a sick one. We salute him in retrospect; but even the salute is a note of interrogation. What on earth would he have written next?

Of Note

"World's Greatest Newspaper"

COLONEL Robert R. McCormick, editor and publisher of the Chicago *Tribune,* is the subject of a cover-story in the June issue of *Today* (638 Deming Place, Chicago 14, Illinois). The story was written by Edward Marciniak and Bob Senser, editors of the Catholic labor paper *Work.* Here is an excerpt:

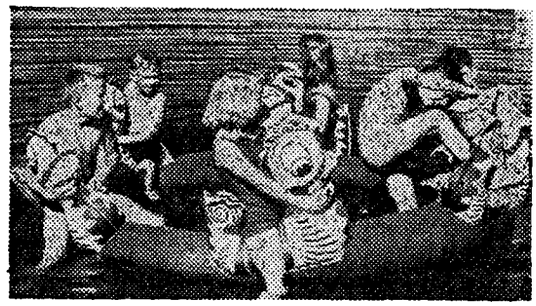
> Its old-style headline type and conservative make-up lend a respectable tone to the *Tribune,* so much so that it even looks respectable enough to be safe for family consumption. Apart from the other ways in which it gives scandal, the *Tribune* actually is tabloid-like in its treatment of sex and violence. It regularly prints sex-crime details that are blue-pencilled by editors on other newspapers. It revels in stories with headlines like "WIFE STRANGLED BY LOVER," whether the aberration occurs in Chicago or Gulch Ridge, California. One veteran newspaperman, A. J. Liebling, remarks: "There is little reason to doubt that the *Tribune* is opposed to rape, but a reader sometimes wonders what it would do without it."
>
> The Tribune's fascination for sex carries over to some of its headlines on other subjects. A page-one story about the New York City dailies bore this headline: "HOW GLOBALIST SIRENS SEDUCE PRESS IN N. Y."
>
> What of the *Tribune's* future? The answer to this question is bound up with the future of daily newspapers in the United States and with the ability of the *Tribune* to abandon the policies that are costing it the confidence of Chicagoland readers.
>
> Three times in three consecutive months during 1950 the Chicago archdiocesan weekly, *The New World,* printed front page editorials rapping the *Tribune's* support of mercy killing, divorce and secularism. The underlying themes of these Catholic criticisms is the fact that the *Tribune* is probably the nation's most outspoken defender of secularism. *America,* the national Jesuit weekly, phrased its own opinion bluntly: "The Tribune Tower—Citadel of Secularism."

B. ALTMAN & CO.

FIFTH AVENUE AT 34TH STREET

water toys

of sturdy Vinylite plastic



Bilnor merry ring: the merry ring horses are sealed to a large ring and one to six children can ride without tipping.

4 horse ring, 4 1/2 feet across, **14.95**

6 horse ring, 7 feet across, **29.95**

Bilnor pool: with new side drain for easy emptying. Complete with two inflatable cushions. Equipped with moulded metal valves.

54 inch dia., **11.95** 72 inch dia., **19.95**

Altman toys, sixth floor

. . . and at East Orange, White Plains and Manhasset

Come in, write, or phone MUrray Hill 9-7000

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books

The Soviet Union; Background, Ideology, Reality. A Symposium, edited by Waldemar Gurian. The University of Notre Dame Press. $3.50.

"LEARN from Lenin; if you have five enemies, you should ally yourselves with them; arrange to incite four of them against the fifth, then three against the fourth, and so on until you have only one enemy left in the alliance; you can then liquidate him yourself and kick him out of the alliance." These words, attributed to Lászlo Rajk, are quoted by Stephen Kertesz in one of the eight papers comprising this extraordinarily interesting volume. Unfortunately for Rajk, he was not the only disciple of Lenin in postwar Hungary; after he had used his post as Minister of Interior to send thousands of the politically unorthodox to the executioner, he was himself caught in the machine, coerced into delivering a preposterous "confession," and then executed.

Professor Kertesz' essay is a detailed report on the tactics used by the Communists in taking power in Eastern Europe. Ten years ago, he reminds us, there were twelve independent states in that area of the world; today, there are three—Finland, Greece, and Yugoslavia. His report on techniques of Soviet penetration is neatly balanced by the paper on "Aims and Methods of Soviet Terrorism," done by Vladimir Petrov, who escaped from the USSR after having lived in Stalin's forced-labor camps. Petrov writes that "the persecutions committed by the Soviet régime have no visible limitations: neither race, nor political convictions, nor the activity of its victims and their social origin insure their safety from physical destruction." His rather sarcastic remark that the Bolshevik achievement in developing their police machinery is probably the régime's greatest success, would probably not find too many disputants these days. In any case, a closely-reasoned analysis of MVD techniques is—unfortunately—a contribution that students of world affairs will have to study; and like Mr. Petrov's two very fine books, this paper is continuously readable and fruitful.

It is extremely difficult to find anything really new to say about the Soviet Union in 1951. The basic facts about the régime have long been known to anyone who wanted to know them; and for those pitiful innocents who have succeeded this long in concealing the truth from themselves, obviously not much can be done now. Professor Gurian's problem in organizing this book, therefore, was to report some basic truths about Russia without either re-hashing old material or indulging in pedantic over-specialization. Somehow, he has managed to succeed completely.

HIS own essay on the question of Stalin's relationship to Lenin is a model of good sense. Among non-Stalinists, it has usually been agreed that the pre-1924 régime was a political dictatorship. The argument for the pro-Leninist anti-Stalinist position, which is still remarkably popular (it turned up in *The New York Times Magazine* recently), is that Lenin, at least, maintained a measure of democracy inside the Party. In arguing that Stalin is largely a legitimate heir of Lenin, Professor Gurian makes some pointed comments on this old distinction. First of all, he remarks that Lenin was in no position to impose the pattern of terror inside the party; in those early years this tactic would have destroyed the régime. It took years for Stalin to build up the organizational machinery for ending party democracy. Second, Lenin was never disputed as the leader of the Party. If he had faced a real test of strength inside the Party, his toleration of criticism would undoubtedly have dropped off considerably. And finally, the terror which Stalin finally imposed inside the Party could never have occurred if Lenin had not first perfected the apparatus of terror for use against "counter-revolutionaries." What, then, is the difference between Lenin's régime and Stalin's? "What has changed," says Professor Gurian, "is the belief in a quick end of the transition period." Both Lenin and Stalin spoke from time to time of the eventual transition to the classless, and therefore stateless, society free of police rule. But under Stalin, the date of this transition has been pushed further than ever into the future; until today, no one seriously believes that the change will ever really take place.

It is a pity that there is not space for a more extended comment on some of the other papers. Naum Jasny's essay on the "Results of Soviet Five-Year Plans" is another truly important contribution by a man who has for years been doing some original research into the meaning of Soviet statistics. Briefly, his conclusions are: (1) that Soviet statistics on production in the USSR are enormously inflated; (2) that it is, however, possible to make rough estimates of production increases from studies of Soviet statistics; (3) that Soviet production has expanded enormously under the Communists; and (4) that the great increase in capital investments has not been matched by an increase in living standards, or private consumption. Professor Michael Karpovich's ruminations on "The Historical Background of Soviet Thought Control" are an expert debunking of the old and still popular idea that nineteenth-century Russian traditions, rather than a specific radical ideology, are ultimately responsible for Soviet repressions in the cultural field. Professor N. Timasheff of Fordham, whose past researches on religion in the Soviet Union are unmatched anywhere, has brought the history of this thorny question up to date in another paper. His findings, briefly, are that a shaky compromise seems to have been worked out between the Orthodox Church and the régime which leaves the former with its principles heavily compromised but

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

its existence fairly safe. Catholics, Moslems, and Jews, however, can only look forward to further religious persecution in the Soviet Union.

In short, this symposium is not just another book on the Soviet Union. It would be a real pity if Professor Gurian's assembled scholars do not get at least as large an audience as some of the glibber journalists who made best-sellers out of a few weeks in Moscow.

DANIEL SELIGMAN.

The China Story. Freda Utley. Regnery. $3.50.

FREDA UTLEY, an English research worker and newspaper correspondent, of radical leftist tendencies, married a Russian citizen (not a member of the Communist Party) with whom she spent a year in Japan and six years in the Soviet Union, where she did research work on Far Eastern policy. After her husband was taken to a Soviet concentration camp and all efforts to contact him proved vain, she fled with her young son to England. Her political outlook by then was changed 180 degrees. In 1939 she came to live in the United States (where she became a citizen in 1950) and is now one of our most acid anti-Soviet writers. Her previous books are abundant in detailed research but mostly badly organized, ill-tempered, full of personal resentment and sometimes clumsy in argumentation. *The China Story* is better written, aptly organized and much more restrained.

The book is not the story of China, of course, but the story of the mistakes the Administration of the United States made in dealing with China. In its general outline the book comes close to the criticisms made by the Republican Party and the viewpoint expressed by General MacArthur before the investigating committee. I would say that MacArthur's argumentation is more impressive and that great parts of Mrs. Utley's story are a re-hash of well-known arguments. Nevertheless they will be new to many readers. The present Congressional investigation has many good sides and one of them is that people heretofore little interested in the Far East now have the desire for fuller information and clearer insight into the problems. But Mrs. Utley gives only one side of the story.

The special merit of her book is the information it offers on the Americans in China who influenced our government in favor of the Chinese Communists and on the pro-Soviet writers who shaped our public opinion. The author speaks from personal knowledge of the atmosphere and of the personalities involved. Even on the much discussed Owen Lattimore she is able to present some new facts that sound authentic. If only for this, Mrs. Utley's book should not be overlooked, even by those who have been repelled by the acrimony in her former work.

Mrs. Utley was in Hankow when General (then Colonel) Joseph Stilwell was there as United States Military Attaché, about the time he first conceived his admiration for the Communists. She describes the intellectual climate of those days and the whole circle of people who were then propagandizing the absurd idea of a Kuomintang - Communist coalition——as if two one-party regimes could be treated like two parliamentary parties—and, even then, the possibility of abandoning Chiang Kai-shek. These people fostered the illusion that the collapse of the Kuomintang government would not at all represent a defeat for the United States.

Mrs. Utley gives a survey of the literature on China which was published in the United States during the 1940's. She makes it very clear that the American reader was led far astray about the alleged "harmless agrarian reformers," the Chinese Communists, and therefore was unaware of the fact that these men were acting in the closest accord with Moscow. She reveals that the friends of the Chinese Communists in this country, during this decade, enjoyed practically a closed shop in book reviewing. A small group of pro-Communist "experts," from Owen Lattimore to Annallee Jacoby, monopolized the field in the most influential papers and magazines. Every book depicting the "Red menace" in China and the dangers of the growing Kremlin threat to our way of life was branded as "reactionary" by fellow-traveling pundits. These indeed are demonstrable matters of fact.

Perhaps the most sensational chapter in this book is that on "Dr." Lattimore. Mrs. Utley claims that this supposedly profound scholar never received a doctor's degree or even a B.A. She shows how Lattimore's views on foreign affairs shifted and tries to prove that this adviser to our State Department changed his opinions to keep in step with the Communist party line. But he remained steadfast in holding that the Chinese Communists were not subservient to Stalin and that America might be able to do business with them. Mrs. Utley points to Lattimore's defense of the Moscow blood purges in *Pacific Affairs* and offers damning quotations from his other writings. The material in this book would certainly justify a new investigation into Lattimore's role (and that of his friends and proteges) in systematically misleading both our statesmen and American public opinion on the Chinese issue. We have to overcome the errors of the past with a new constructive policy, and it would certainly be a mistake to push aside such research into the motives of so fatal an adviser, instead of insisting that he be more thoroughly investigated. In preparing the way for such a procedure Freda Utley's book is useful, even though she may sometimes overemphasize her accusations.

MAX FISCHER.

The Restless Heart. Sergei Maximov. Translated from the Russian by Henry Reigart. Scribners. $3.50.

THIS is the novel of a young Russian writer and it is about the peasants, sailors, stevedores, boatmen and fishermen of the Volga. The author is himself from the Volga region, the son of a village schoolmaster. All the menfolk in his mother's family were pilots or skippers

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Point of View X

Storm Over Asia

MAN does not live by bread alone. Unrest in Asia has not only material causes. It cannot be cured by merely material remedies. It is first of all the uprooted soul of the Asiatic that cries out in desperate emptiness and this soul will remain restless as long as it has to live in a spiritual vacuum, desperately yearning to find again its own form of life and an organic culture in which to live.

When, against the prejudices of our public opinion and the hysterical warnings of leftist newspaper men, Washington decided to keep the Japanese Emperor as the supreme head of state there, the value of this symbolic traditional figure, who granted all political rights and to whom all loyalties were owed, was rightly understood. This wise policy has saved Japan from a total destruction of her tradition. But in countries where such traditions have already been cruelly destroyed, it is doubtful whether they regained by a posthumous restoration. It is, generally, too late to return to destroyed institutions. Past and present have to be remolded in a creative way and this can be done only by the living forces of national genius.

If our policy is not to retreat from Asia in the face of the Communist menace, then we have to respect also the traditions and the tradition-based cultural aims of the Asiatic peoples and to assist them generously in working out new ways of life which blend modern methods of production with a sound continuity of national traits.

MAX FISCHER
in The Commonweal, January 5, 1951

FOR NEW SUBSCRIBERS—SPECIAL OFFER

THE COMMONWEAL, 386 Fourth Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

Enclosed is $1. Please send the next 12 issues to:

NAME _____

STREET _____

CITY _____

6/1/51

on Volga steamships. Having developed, during his school years, a keen interest in creative writing, Maximov studied for a while at the Soviet Literary Institute in Moscow. There he met a number of young men who later became famous in Soviet official literature, which is entirely subservient to the Party line. Not so Maximov. He was arrested by the NKVD for "subversive activities," kept in jail for ten months, then deported for five years to a slave-labor camp. After his release, Maximov went to Smolensk, and there again, in 1941, he was arrested and deported—this time by the Nazis who had captured the city. Once more he was in prison and in a concentration camp, in Berlin. He was liberated by the Allies, and spent some time as a DP in Germany, before coming to America. Today, Sergei Maximov teaches at the Russian Institute of Fordham University.

Maximov wrote his *Restless Heart* in the DP camp. It was first published there, in a DP periodical. The gifts of this young writer were soon recognized by all Russian emigré critics both in Europe and America.

The book tells us the saga of the Volga, against the background of Soviet rule and collectivization. It is a vivid picture of life in a collectivized village and in a small town under Soviet administration. From it we can see the various cogs of the Soviet machine. But we see especially the simple Volga folk, who go on living their own lives, outside Soviet regimentation. Maximov's hero is a young Volga pilot, who wants to become a writer and who in many ways is a younger brother of Jack London's Martin Eden. And thus we feel that there are many similarities between the enterprising and dynamic Volga spirit (infinitely stronger than Communist dogmatism), and the pioneering instinct of the American boy: just as the Volga, "mother of Russian rivers," is a close relative of "Old Man River." Some of the scenes depicted in Maximov's novel—the village-feasts, the fights between the rival fisher-boys, the love-making, heartaches, joys and sorrows, which are all part of a community's life—are true in Russia and in America,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

because they are profoundly human. Maximov shows both skill and technique, surprising in one who had so little time to train in the literary field. He knows how to tell an absorbing story and to create attractive and colorful characters.

As we read this novel, we come to realize, indeed, that in spite of Soviet tyranny, the river-folk have preserved a soul as vast, as turbulent and as free as the "restless" waves of their great river. And this, we may hope, is true of the Russian people as a whole. Incidentally, the translator, Henry Reigart, has done a difficult job extremely well.

HELENE ISWOLSKY.

Irish Poets of the Nineteenth Century. Geoffrey Taylor. Harvard. $2.50

"IN this volume of *The Muses' Library,*" writes Mr. Taylor in his Preface, "I have set out to do two things: first, to make a substantial selection from each of the more important nineteenth-century Irish poets; second, to make an anthology of the better poems by other Irish writers of the same period." He then goes on to exclude George Darley and Arthur O'Shaughnessy, "who were in some sense Irish by birth but who did not even pay lip service to Ireland in their poetry." Thomas Moore he omits as belonging to the 18th century, and W. B. Yeats (and all the Revival poets) as belonging to the 20th.

Who, then, are the important poets left? William Allingham, J. J. Callanan, Aubrey De Vere, Sir Samuel Ferguson, Thomas Caulfield Irwin, James Clarence Mangan, and John Francis O'Donnell, according to Mr. Taylor. At least two of the names included will startle even specialists in Anglo-Irish literature—those of Irwin and O'Donnell. Before quarrelling with their selection, one should read carefully the poems Mr. Taylor has chosen from their work; I think he proves his point about Irwin, who turns out to be a far better poet than any previous anthologist had indicated; on the other hand, I had never heard of O'Donnell before and I don't particularly care if I never hear of him again.

It may be objected against Irwin ("the only Irish Tennysonian," Mr. Taylor calls him) that his work is hardly more distinctively Irish than Darley's; yet all his books except one were published only in Dublin, so that if he was to be rediscovered at all, an Irish editor had to do the job. I think a more serious objection to Mr. Taylor's editing is that in his anxiety to do justice to Irwin he has done less than justice to Mangan and Ferguson, admittedly the best—and the most Irish—of the poets between Moore and Yeats. The Mangan selection is good, but room might easily have been made at Irwin's expense for a few more of Mangan's translations from the Irish.

Mr. Taylor's rather narrow view of poetry leads him to do real injustice to Ferguson. Preferring lyrical and descriptive poetry, he slights Ferguson's epic gifts. If we had been spared J. F. O'Donnell, there would have been plenty of room for the epical "Conary," which Yeats called in 1895 "the best Irish poem of any kind." As things are, we must make do with "The Death of Dermid" to represent this side of Ferguson. Also, where is "The Fairy Thorn," a ballad regarded by many as Ferguson's best poem? Descriptive poetry *à la* Irwin is all very well, but no major poet ever wrote a purely descriptive poem; whatever he set out to describe turned into a symbol of something else before he was through. Only minor poets—including Mr. Taylor himself, incidentally — write purely descriptive poems.

The reader should be properly grateful to Mr. Taylor, however, for the great majority of his omissions; five poems by Thomas Davis are plenty for anyone, while most of the other *Nation* poets never will be missed. Edward Walsh should rate more than two poems, though. All quibbles aside, Mr. Taylor is to be congratulated on what is, like almost every Irish anthology or critical study, a pioneering work.

Readers who were fans of the old

The inspiring story of a cobbler's son who became a great Pope . . . and is now to be beatified . . .

THE Great Mantle

The Life of Giuseppe Sarto Pope Pius X

By KATHERINE BURTON

This intimate portrait of Pius X reveals his zeal and intellectual gifts, as well as the simplicity and personal poverty that marked his life. "An excellent biography of an important papal figure.'—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*
"Beautifully done . . . sheer joy in reading as well as spiritual exaltation."—*Boston Herald.*
"It will be deservedly popular."—*America.* $3.00

Mrs. Burton's famous book about American Catholic converts, IN NO STRANGE LAND, is back in stock again. $2.75

At all bookstores

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO.
55 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. 3

Enjoy a holiday of music-making

Four 10-day "Sing Weeks"—July 9th through August 30th. Participate in choral singing. Learn to play an instrument.

with the famous TRAPP FAMILY SINGERS

Catholic liturgical music featured August 6 to 16; MSGR. M. HELLRIEGEL assisting. High Mass, Benediction, daily. Clergy and religious especially welcome.
Write for details

Trapp Family Music Camp

Miss M. M. Trapp, Stowe, Vermont

Change of Address

If you move, even for a few weeks in the summer, have THE COMMONWEAL follow you without missing an issue. Change of address notice should be sent at least three weeks ahead. Address Circulation Dept., THE COMMONWEAL, 386 Fourth Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Muses' Library may like to know that the format of the new series is even more ingratiating than that of the old; British craftsmen can still turn out a small book—small in format, that is, but containing some 400 pages—more handsomely than their American counterparts.

Two further notes: the biographical data are as untrustworthy as those in most books edited by Irishmen, especially the dates; for excellent critical commentary on many of these writers, read Robert Farren's *The Course of Irish Verse in English.*

VIVIAN MERCIER.

Seeds of Hope. John M. Oesterreicher. Pio Decimo Press. $1.25.

FATHER OESTERREICHER has collected five sermons on the mystery of Israel preached for five consecutive years on the eve of the feast of the Conversion of St. Paul. This day, the next to the last of the Church Unity Octave, is dedicated to prayer for the Conversion of the Jews. The sermons are simple and moving; Father Oesterreicher offers them as a prayer for his parents, friends and kinsmen, victims of Hitler's persecution, and they are a noble tribute. A.F.

The English Catholics 1850-1950. *Edited by George Andrew Beck. Templegate (Springfield, Ill.).* $6.50.

THESE essays by such men as Philip Hughes, David Mathew, Humphrey Johnson, Denis Gwynn, Edward Hutton and others, are published to commemorate the centenary of the restoration of the hierarchy of England and Wales by Pope Pius IX. The volume is handsomely illustrated with halftones and cartoons dealing with leading figures of the period. Some of the chapters have to do with certain technical problems of reorganization but others are of more general interest, among them: Cardinal Newman, the Catholic Press, Catholic English Literature and the Care of the Poor.

• REVIEWERS •

DANIEL SELIGMAN is an associate editor of *Fortune* magazine, and a contributor to *The New Leader.*

MAX FISCHER was formerly a foreign correspondent in the Far East.

HELENE ISWOLSKY, now a member of the Fordham faculty, is the author of *Soul of Russia, Light Before Dusk* and other books.

VIVIAN MERCIER teaches at the City College of New York and Columbia. He is preparing an anthology of Irish prose.

COLLEGE OF ST. THOMAS ST. PAUL, MINN.

A LIBERAL ARTS COLLEGE

which prepares its students for business or the professions. Exceptionally strong faculty. Fully accredited. Courses leading to B.A. or B.S. Degrees. Conducted by priests of the Archdiocese of St. Paul, assisted by lay Professors.

Address Very Rev. Vincent J. Flynn, President, Box K

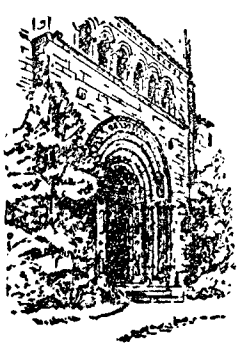
COLLEGE OF ST. THOMAS
St. Paul 1, Minn.

CHESTNUT HILL COLLEGE
Chestnut Hill
Pennsylvania

Conducted by the Sisters of St. Joseph

Approved by the Association of American Universities.

For further information write to the Registrar.



Prospective students should make early application

CAMP WE-HA-KEE — **On Green Bay Marinette, Wisconsin**

For Girls 6-16
Conducted by Dominican Sisters, Sinsinawa, Wisconsin
1951 Season June 27-August 22, $350.
For information write
Sister David O'Leary, 192 Ridge Ave., Winnetka, Ill.

Summer Reading

Why not stimulate that summer sojourn—of your own or a friend's—with a special 12 weeks Commonweal subscription at $1. Send the name, or names, and summer address(es), specifying the week for the first issue in each subscription, and $1 for each, to

Circulation Dept., The Commonweal
386 Fourth Ave., N. Y. 16, N. Y.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Colleges and Schools

NEW YORK

NOTRE DAME COLLEGE

Grymes Hill, Staten Island, N. Y. Full State and Regional Accreditation. Degrees: B.A., B.S., B.S. in Education and Commerce. Pre-Law and Pre-Medical Courses. Teacher Training Course. Registration by appointment. Phone: GIbraltar 7-4343.

COLLEGE OF MT. ST. VINCENT SCHOOL OF NURSING

Conducted in cooperation with St. Vincent's Hospital, New York City. Offers courses leading to Diploma of Nursing and Bachelor of Science Degree with a major in Nursing. Write for Bulletin L to Director of Nursing, College of Mt. St. Vincent, Mt. St. Vincent-on-Hudson, New York 71, N. Y.

Classified

★ Rate for your message, 12½c a word (85c each for displayed lines; $1.50 minimum ad). Discounts: 5% for 3 times. 10% for 7 times, 15% for 13 times.

BOOKS

★ Books: Used, Old, Rare.
For Librarians, Collectors, Readers.
Huge Stock. Reasonably Priced.
Catalogs Free. Browsers Invited.
Want Lists Solicited. Libraries Purchased.
DAUBER & PINE BOOKSHOPS, INC.
66 Fifth Avenue, New York 11, N. Y.

IRISH BOOKS AND GIFTS

★ Books, Linens, Gifts. *Catalogs.*
IRISH INDUSTRIES DEPOT, Inc.
876 Lexington Ave. (near 65th), New York

SPIRITUAL READING

★ Dynamic miniature spiritual reading.
THINKER'S DIGEST
Dallas, Pa.
Quarterly: $1.50 a year, $2.50 two years.

OHIO

COLLEGE OF MT. ST. JOSEPH ON-THE-OHIO

Half-hour bus ride from Cincinnati. Fully accredited liberal arts college for women. Teacher preparation in Art, Music, Dramatics, Home Economics, Dietetics, Social Service, Business Education, Library Service. Four-year nursing program approved by the National Nursing Accrediting Service. Conducted by the Sisters of Charity of Cincinnati. Address: The Dean.

MARYLAND

COLLEGE OF NOTRE DAME OF MARYLAND

North Charles St., Baltimore, Maryland. An accredited Catholic Institution for the Higher Education of Women. Conducted by the School Sisters of Notre Dame. Exceptional advantages. For information address the Registrar.

PENNSYLVANIA

ROSEMONT COLLEGE

Rosemont, Pa. A Catholic College for Women conducted by the Religious of the Society of the Holy Child Jesus. Accredited by the Association of American Universities. Situated on the Main Line of the Pennsylvania Railroad. Eleven miles from Philadelphia. Address the Registrar for information. Telephone Bryn Mawr 4514.

NEW JERSEY

CALDWELL COLLEGE

Caldwell, New Jersey. A Catholic College for Women conducted by the Sisters of St. Dominic. Located twenty miles from New York City. Resident and non-resident students. Offers A.B. and B.S. Degrees. Address Registrar for information. Telephone Caldwell 6-3660.

KANSAS

ST. BENEDICT'S COLLEGE

Atchison, Kansas. A Catholic College for men conducted by the Benedictine Fathers. A Liberal Arts College, accredited by the North Central Association. Located fifty miles north-west of Kansas City, Missouri, on the Missouri River. Address Registrar for information.

RHODE ISLAND

PORTSMOUTH PRIORY SCHOOL

Portsmouth, Rhode Island, 23 miles from Providence, 8 miles from Newport, on inland waters of Narrangansett Bay. Conducted by American Monks of the English Benedictine Congregation, assisted by Lay Masters. Five forms, 8th grade and four years of high school. Standard Preparatory Course for all colleges and technical schools. Added opportunities in Mathematics and Languages. College Board Examination. Full facilities for athletics including sailing. Address the Secretary.

NEW JERSEY

DELBARTON SCHOOL

Morristown, New Jersey. An hour's drive from the George Washington Bridge or Holland Tunnel. A country day and boarding school for boys conducted by Benedictine Monks. Six forms, comprising the 7th and 8th grades and four years of college preparatory courses. Small classes. Thorough guidance department. Complete athletic program. Write for prospectus to the Headmaster.

OHIO

GILMOUR ACADEMY

Gates Mills, Ohio. A Resident Preparatory School for Boys. Conducted by The Brothers of Holy Cross, Notre Dame, Ind. Situated in suburban Cleveland, enjoying the facilities afforded by the city's libraries, galleries and museums. Distinctive rural-home atmosphere. 133 acre campus. Educational, cultural, and physical training programs. Fully accredited four year college preparatory course offered. Clases limited to 15 students. Brother Theophane Schmitt, C.S.C., Headmaster.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AT LAST . . . the full inspiring story of

FATHER PAUL OF GRAYMOOR

spokesman for Christian Unity . . .

editor of The Lamp . . .

sponsor of the "Ave Maria Hour" . . .

by Father David Gannon S.A.

Here he is! . . . the courageous figure of Father Paul James Francis brought to life in a moving, human biography written by a member of the Society of the Atonement which he founded at Graymoor. Here is the story of Father Paul's early training in the Episcopalian ministry, of his meeting with Sister Lurana and their heroic efforts to build the beautiful shrine at Graymoor, of his struggle for the reunion of Christendom, his conversion to Catholicism, his Church Unity Octave, and his daily deeds of piety and good works.

Here is Father Paul as he really was—the Poverello of Peekskill—gentle in character, gracious in spirit, and forthright in action. The story of his devout life will inspire all to new love for man and for the Atoning Christ.

$4.00 at all bookstores

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

60 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK 11

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED